



# The little boy with a beard



beard

harry

183 6 10

## Chapter 1 by Felipe Machado

One beautiful ordinary morning Marcus woke up with a strange tingling in his face. He jumped to the mirror across the room and he could not believe his eyes. Right there in front of his face that was this huge thick full grown beard. That was impossible, he was only six years old, he thought, what would he say to his mom.? He looked at the window on his back and from a distance on the edge of the garden he thought he saw two glowing eyes on the woods, his focus was breached by his mom's voice calling him downstairs to have some breakfast ....

## Chapter 2 by Andra Berilă



Marcus looked back through the window, but this time he didn't see anything more than branches, leaves, clouds and houses. He still felt a bit scared, but he had now a bigger problem on his mind. Eating breakfast was definitely not his favourite part of the day.

He put on a bag on his head and went downstairs.

Mom looked at him quite tired and already upset.

"What are you doing Marcus? Fooling around again? You will fall and break something if you

have a bag on your head. You never stop to surprise me!"

Marcus stopped near the kitchen. He looked at the mirror. He saw a boy with a beard. He touched the beard. It was soft. He touched the bag on his head. The beard kept growing. He touched the bag. It was hard. He touched the bag. It was hard. He touched the bag. It was hard.

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Chapter 3 by Felipe Machado



Marcus closed his eyes shut as hard as he could and waited for his mother scream of horror, but nothing came, he peeped with one eye she was washing the dishes like nothing happened. "Mom, didn't you notice anything strange in my face this morning? " She turned her head to him, softly, and said: "There's nothing wrong with your face silly, now eat your breakfast because you're late for school". Marcus was briefly relieved by that thought of having no ugly beard on him, but that moment faded when he looked down and touched his face and realized that the beard was there and that his mom could be drunk. "Mom, look, there is hair growing out of face" and she replied "there is nothing growing out of your face , stop playing , and of you go " . He realized his mom couldn't see his beard! But how? Why? He thought about the eyes in the woods and a tremendous sadness got hold of him. He though he was going crazy, he needed to know if anyone else could see his beard, and most of all he needed to get rid of it, so he decided to run...

#### Chapter 4 by ArchAngel



...he ran three times round the outside of his house waving his arms in the air. and yelling "Aaaaaaaaargh!" It seemed the best way to cope in the circumstances, that was until he noticed his Mom was watching him through the kitchen window. "Aaar.... aa....ah..." She was now pointing at the path to school and and she was probably tapping her foot (but he couldn't see her foot). So Marcus took a right turn and sped down the path quick.

Old Mr Morris was taking his terrier Lulabelle for a walk. The little white dog had disappeared into a hedge, and Mr Morris was patiently holding the straining leash.

Marcus skidded to a stop. "Good morning Mr Morris."

"Good morning young fellow."

Marcus stood on tiptoe, pointing at his chin, "Can you see this?"

"Can I French kiss?!" said Mr Morris, fiddling with his hearing aid. "Why, yes, yes I can. As a lad they called me the Tonsil Tickler of Tiverton."

Marcus felt himself going red in the face. He shook his head, making the beard swing from side to side. "No, I can't see anything."

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"Did I get to first base?", Mr Morris nodded, "Ah, my lad, I could tell you tales. I once knew a young lady with such big beautiful..."

At that moment, Lulabelle bounded out of the hedge covered in twigs and leaves and began pulling Mr Morris away down the path. Marcus called after him, "It's okay Mr Morris, have a nice day."

## Chapter 5 by Gwen Power



When Marcus finally reached the bus stop, huffing and puffing, He pulled up his turtleneck to hide as much of the beard as he could. Pauline, his very best friend, ran up to him.

"I got here before you! Ha, I win!" she said tugging on his shirt. Probably not on purpose, she tugged the turtleneck right off of his chin.

She gasped. "Oh Marcus. You're soooo handsome!" she squealed. Quickly covering the growing fuzz with both of his very little hands, Marcus just stared at her confused. Pauline must be crazy. Girls were always crazy, at least that's what his Dad always said.

Pauline was practically drooling. "You must be a real man now! I will officially let you be my prince now." she said.

"Oh Pauline," Marcus sighed, "I can't be the Prince. We ALWAYS play that I'm the dragon, plus, can't you see I have a BEARD on my FACE!"

"Of course, silly!" she said, "My brother Tommy said that once a boy grows a beard, he becomes a full grown man. I think you look lovely!"

Marcus shook his head. She obviously didn't understand the implications of this beard. He was NOT ready to be a man. Later, when she was less crazy, he decided he'd tell her about the crazy evil eyes from the woods. For now, all he could do was wait for the always late bus and hope that nobody else could see his new hair.

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